

ally Sloper's Half Holiday.

No. 1736 (New Series No. 14).

Saturday, 10th February, 1923.

TWO PENCE.



SLOPER'S TWO TANK CARMEN.

Poor Pa always keeps an optic on the main chance. With a bit of luck 'h. might have been a great financier, as it is—well—the Huns aren't the only people with a "man in possession." But this is where Pa's brain-wave comes splashing over the rocks. Reading about Zstantankamen's treasures Poor Pa, philanthropist and patriot, decided to present a portion of his priceless relics to the nation, and part with the rest at a reasonable figure in aid of a deserving charity, so, employing two tank carmen from the local Council's Water* Department to transport them to Russell Square, he commenced excavations in the back garden and the lumber room in the roof, with astonishing results. Tugging a main again under the duck pond he followed it to its source—in the street outside, making marvellous discoveries en route. P.S.—Later . . . Failing the British Museum, I understand their destination is the Dust Destructor.—FOOTSBIE.

READ
THE SPLENDID
PAUPER.

ally Slopers Half Holiday

READ
THE EXPLOSION.

"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

GIRLS SLOPER HOPES TO MEET.

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When Father Gets a Job.

If father should be out of work—
Which sometimes is his fate—
We soon see little wrinkles mark
Where there were none of late.
Hard lines beside his mouth appear,
Which make poor auntie sob,
But all at once they disappear—
When father gets a job!

It makes, oh, such a difference
To us and auntie too.
When father says: "Blow the expense!
What would you like to do?"
"Oh, let's go to the pictures, dad!"
"What seats?" he says—a "boh!"
That's why we children are so glad
When father gets a job!

The sort of food we have to eat
Is different as well.
On Sunday there's a joint of meat—
Real English, you can tell!
A pudding after, if you please!
The toast on the hob.
And just to finish, there's some cheese
When father gets a job!

At night he comes home cheerful
And joins us in our play,
And auntie's not so tearful
As she was the other day:
She'll say, "It may seem funny,
But he's different from the mob..."
Well, I know he *is* very good money
When father gets a job!

WOULD NOT DESCEND SO LOW.

They were seated on the front at a fashionable seaside resort. "George" said the sweet young thing ambitiously, "why don't you save up your money and become the manager of one of these sumptuous hotels?"
"Darling," he wisely answered, "people who are regarded as the salt of the earth are not to be found in cellars."

NOT HALF.



"So you're brothers, my lady!"
"No, sir—we're twins!"



LYDIA LOVIBOND.

Featuring as "Cupid" in "Trouble on Olympus"
(Date of release uncertain.)

TRAIN TYPES.

IX.—SWEETHEARTS.

ACCORDING to one's temperament, it may be irritating, amusing, or merely interesting to travel in the same compartment with a courting couple.

It is also an experience which all but the surmugood and sport-loving will avoid if it is possible to do so; but in these days of crowded trains it is sometimes inevitable.

Taking possession of an empty compartment leads before the train is due to start, the Sweethearts huddle together in the far corner and wait in acute suspense for the journey to begin.

Should one enter, the girl may exhibit some slight sign of confusion, either in the way of drooping her head, or gazing furtively out of the window.
The swain, on the other hand, will in all probability regard the intruder with ill-disguised hostility, which is not abated until others enter, and he finds he must resign himself to the unavoidable.

Then, with a transparent assumption of obliviousness to his surroundings possible only to the deeply enamoured, he turns and bestows the whole of his attention on the object of his affections.

Their proceedings are now watched, openly or surreptitiously, by every other occupant of the compartment—for lovers are objects of eternal interest to all and sundry.

Some peep at them over their evening newspapers, and then glance at one another with looks expressive of tolerant amusement, as much as to say: "We used to do that sort of thing once upon a time."

Others glare at them with open and unshaken curiosity, and sometimes may be seen to sneer at a particularly tender passage.

Usually the Sweethearts sit very close together, arm-in-arm and hand-in-hand. He presses her arm and whispers something in her ear, which causes her to smile and look up coyly at him, assuming an expression that may be wistfulness, but some how to smack of the "screen."

Perhaps, should they belong to the lower ranks of society, by whom the concealment of natural sentiment and emotion is disclaimed, she may allow her head to rest upon his shoulder, and he will permit his arm to steal around her waist.

Should she wear an engagement ring, he sure her left-hand glove will be removed to display it, and if by chance she has made him a present of a silver-plated cigarette case, he will be certain to produce it and light a fob pipe in the manner of a man of the world, watched by her with absorbed admiration, even though she reserves mischievously to blow out the match at the first opportunity.

Well, they are having their dream of bliss. Don't arouse them from it. Time will do that soon enough, in very truth.

Sloper Songlets.

By "THE BARD."

Dining With Birdie.

Oh, come, Birdie, come and dine with me,
We'll be as happy as happy can be.
I know a cafe in famous Soho
Where birdies to dinner can often go
There in a private room we'll dine
On whatever you please with a bottle of wine.
Come, Birdie, come and dine with me,
And spend the swift hours in jollity.

She looked in his face with her twinkling eye,
And she smiled a sweet smile that was sweet and dry.

As she said, it sounds like a fairy dream,
We'll dine on chicken and pineapple cream,
And then to complete our hour of joy,
We'll have a bit of butte, dear heart, of "The Boy."
So I will go and dine with thee,
And spend the swift hours in jollity.

They jumped in a taxi and drove away
As brightly as sparrows so cheery and gay,
And they had their dinner and drank their wine
And everything went off so merry and fine.
At last it came for poor Bert to pay.
He felt in his pockets, then cried, I say,
I asked you, darling, to dine with me,
But I never looked forward to misery.

Then Birdie replied, we have gaily dined,
And I feel quite happy, yet you sit not and
If you've lost your wallet, for I'm your friend,
And if you want cash I will gladly lend.
She pulled out her purse and she counted out
The money to pay beyond any doubt.
But if our Bertie had clearly known,
The cash that she paid was all his own.

THE SHOCK NEARLY KILLED POOR SANDY.

A Bootman arriving in London was accosted by a juvenile polt-lother with the inquiry: "Black yer boots, sir?"

"Black, mon, no!"
"Black 'em for a penny!"
"Aw! w! ye!"
"I'll do 'em for nothing."
"All right!"

The kid set about his work, and when he had one foot in a microfilm condition, he turned to the horrified Sandy and said: "Now you'll have to pay me tuppence to do the other!"

When you kiss a girl goodbye forever do it quickly.
If you linger too long she may forgive you and take you back.

ON WITH THE DANCE.



"No rest till dawn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

The Splendid Pauper.

I.—THE EXPERIMENT.



"Didn't I see you in the casual ward this morning?"

One end of the high road dipped into the agricultural town of Spionow. At the other end on top of the hill, was the union or workhouse. The tramp's chosen spot was about midway between the two points. A gentleman in a Korti suit had paused to survey Mr. Higgins and his companion. Presently he spoke.

"Didn't I see you in the casual ward this morning?" he inquired.

"You might 'ave done." The tramp's answer was non-committal and his bearing rather surly.

"I think I heard you complaining about your bad luck."

"I often do."

"And you said you never had a chance."

"I don't know when I 'ad one last."

"Do you know," went on the stranger, "I'm rather interested in your case?"

The tramp lifted his eyes, for the first time, and looked at him. "And who might you be, when you're at 'ome?" he inquired.

"Major Hardy is my name. I'm a magistrate, and I'm visiting at the union this morning."

"Oh." The tramp's jaws closed with a snap, and his face froze. The word "magistrate" has a wonderful effect on some natures.

The Major smiled. "I'm interested in your case," he said, "because I heard you say that the only thing against a poor man is clothes. You said, if you were well-dressed, you wouldn't need to worry any more, but could get on good as a living as the best of us. D'you know, I'm inclined to think there is some sense in your remarks."

"What a wonder?" meditated Mr. Higgins.

"Do you think you could do well if you were dressed in good clothes?"

The tramp pulled on his boot and gazed upward with pained protest. "Look 'ere," he murmured, "are you 'aving me on toast?"

"Not at all. I want to help you. I want to try an experiment."

"You want to experiment on me?"

"If you think good clothes will help. I'll fix you up. If clothes are all you want, you shall have them."

"A whole suit?"

"Certainly."

"And collar—and tie?"

"And—and a top hat?"

The tramp had almost risen in his excitement. But he fell back again. "It's too good to be true," he said. "I'm dreaming."

"Wake up," said the Major, "and come with me. I won't give you any money."

"Give me the clothes; that's all I want. I'll soon get the money."

"Honestly, of course?"

"Of course," said the tramp.

"Come along," said the Major.

"I'm in luck at last," cried Mr. Higgins. "Give a poor man good clothes and leave the rest to 'im!"

II.—THE MISUNDERSTANDING.

When Mr. Higgins left the residence of Major Hardy, he no longer looked like a tramp. He wore a frock coat, smart trousers, patent boots, a collar and tie, and the elements to match. His head was crowned with a top hat, but his hands were encased in gloves, and he carried a light cane. The clothes were not new, but they were still strictly presentable. And the man was freshly shaven, for the Major had lent him a razor.

As he emerged in the direction of the little town as though the world was at his feet.

"I've got the costume," he said. "The rig-out is a masterpiece. The next thing I want is some money. And, with these clothes on, I think I can see my way clear to getting some. When a chap's dressed—well, the rest is easy. That's always been my motto, and now I'll set about proving it."

When he had tramped through the town on the previous day, he had duly observed that the "Eagle" was the sign of the principal hotel. It was towards the "Eagle" that Mr. Higgins now directed his steps.

"Fashionable people always patronise the best hotels," he told himself, "whether they can pay their bills or not."

Mr. Higgins, it will be seen, besides being a tramp, was a student of human nature.

III.—FINANCE.

Higgins took the armchair in the cosy parlour. When the landlady came to attend to him, he inquired: "Have you a telegraph form?"

As it being brought, he filled it up as follows: "Smith's, 20, Lombard Street—forward me twenty pounds. Urgent.—Higgins, The Eagle, Spallow."

"That's to my agents," he explained. "You know them—Smith's, the bankers. Fact is, I've just come from the Major's, and he's cleared me out."

"From Major Hardy's?" There was only one Major in the town.

"Yes," said the tramp. "I've just left his place. He's a grand fellow. He's in writing to my agents for a supply. Send that for me, will you?"

"Certainly," said the landlady. And he sent it.

"I shall probably stay here a day or two," said Mr. Higgins. "Shan't go back to the Major. We've quarrelled."

"Give me a whiskey and soda. 'Ave one yourself."

The landlady said he would. The easy manner of Mr. Higgins quite charmed him. While the refreshments were being prepared, the new arrival studied the morning paper.



"How dare you?"

"Look 'ere," he said to mine host, "there's a horse running for the three o'clock that I mean to have a tinner on. Can't now. Am broke all the morning comes. But you 'ave a bit on. I've got it straight from the trainer, a pal of mine."

He pointed at the first name of a horse that he saw, quite at haphazard. "It's a cert," he said, "and I'm making a fortune. But you must back it."

"Are you sure about it?" The landlady's mouth was watering.

"Sure? The race is as good as over! I'd a wire from the trainer this morning. Where is that wire?"

He was feeling in his pockets. "Oh, I've left it at the Major's. But, back it, man. 'Ave a plunge on Macaroni. 'Ave you got a good bookmaker?"

The host inclined his head towards a portly gentleman in gaiters in the other bar.

"Frize he'll put me on a couple of quid," said Mr. Higgins.

"I'll see," said the landlady. "Jim," he remarked, crossing into the other compartment, "I want half a thick us Macaroni, and he's got to win the quid on his money's coming from the bank this morning."

"Is it?" snorted the bookmaker. "Does he want me to lay a price, or is it to be a starting price?"

"Starting price," interpolated Mr. Higgins cheerfully.

"Then it's no bet," growled the pencilier.

"Macaroni" was scratched this morning. It's in the afternoon now, he pointed to the item.

The landlady drew Mr. Higgins aside. "Thought you said you'd a wire from the trainer this morning?"

"So I did," asserted Mr. Higgins.

"Funny he didn't know his own horse was scratched, ain't it?"

"It is funny," admitted the other.

The landlady eyed him most suspiciously.

"I was going to have a dollar on the strength of that tip," ruminated the tramp, "but I don't think he'll stand it now. I'll go for a walk," he announced aloud; "when I come back I'll have some lunch." He stroked into the High Street as complacently as he could.

"When you do come back," modulated the hotel-keeper, gazing after him, "I don't know as you'll get any lunch out of me."

IV.—LOVE.

"I drew a blank there," murmured Edward, as he paced the cobblestones of the High Street. "I must see what turns up in the town."

The first thing he observed was a young and buxom dame standing on the threshold of a baker's shop, she had a red face and a roving eye, and he winked.

The lady started at him, and then gazed on him with more attention. He thought he had done the trick. He winked again.

She winked in return. There was no doubt about it. She winked.

Mr. Higgins came to a dead stop. "Nice afternoon," he hazarded. And he winked. And she winked.

"Come and meet me up the street in five minutes," he said. "You're a darling?"

She winked again. But she came down off the step as she did so, and as she arrived opposite him her hands went up in the air for one infinitesimal second. When they came down, they claved him on each side of his visage.

"You wicked man!" screamed the lady, "to come and say such things to a respectable married woman! How dare you?"

He had as time to explain. All he could do was to try to push her away and call for help. A man ran out of the shop.

"This person winked at me!" screamed the lady, "why," gasped Mr. Higgins, "she winked at me ten times?"

"She can't help it," explained the baker's man. "She's got St. Vitus's dance in the eyelid. But you'd best get away before the old man comes along. He's the town-stun champion."

Mr. Higgins, as advised, moved away. He carried with him the marks of ten finger and thumb-nails, expressed upon his countenance. He wiped his face and thought deeply.

V.—NOT IN THE FASHION.

Presently he turned into a side road, where it was wooded and quiet. Things were going wrong, and he was bound to do so.

He was prevented by the apparition of a man in a smock frock who had a head that revolved backwards and forwards like a lighthouse lantern. This person, directly he descried our hero, picked up an armful of cart-fish and began hurling them at him. The first caught him on the nose, the next on the breast of his beautiful frock-coat, and the third sent his top-hat flying into the ditch. The strange personage was a fine mathematician.

"Help!" cried Edward, once again. He would sooner cry help than fight, any day.

As it happened, the local constable appeared on the scene.

"Get off, Mike," he said to the man in a smock frock; "get away home. It's all right."

"Boo-oo-oo!" yelled that individual.

"It's all right," said the man of law to our esteemed Edward.

"It ain't all right," ejaculated Mr. Higgins, as he freed his mouth from the turf. "What's the awn't for?"

"Take no notice," said the policeman. "Besides, it's all your own fault."

"All my own fault?" Even Mr. Higgins, with his vast experience of policemen's logic, was surprised.

"Certainly," said the other. "Nobody in these parts wears a top-hat except on Sunday. It ain't natural. And how was he to know any better? He's the village idiot."

VI.—LUNCH.

The tramp moved on as quickly as possible. The constabulary of a policeman, even of the rural variety, is seldom desirable.

Besides, he felt hungry. He would return to the "Eagle" and indulge in the lunch he had ordered.

But the landlady met him with a scowl. "There's a measure for you from the post-office," he announced. "It's a bit of blue paper, and it says your telegram wasn't delivered to them bankers of yours, because my lunch is out."

"There's a measure for you from the post-office," he announced. "It's a bit of blue paper, and it says your telegram wasn't delivered to them bankers of yours, because my lunch is out."

Mr. Higgins stood upon his dignity.

"How dare you open my private message?" he inquired.

"I didn't open it," leered the landlady. "It was open at both ends, and I peeped in."

"I'll complain to the police."

"No, you won't," asserted mine host.

"Give me my lunch at once," demanded Mr. Higgins, with a final attempt to brazen matters out.

"Pay me for two whiskeys and soda and the price of the telegram."

Mr. Higgins, carried on his heel, "I will never enter your 'ome again," he announced heroically.

"I hope you won't," said the landlady.

The Head Waiter

And the Chancellor of the Exchequer

DOTS AND DASHES.

Disconsolate, depressed, and hungry, Mr. Hoggins walked about the lanes for a space. His theory of life was not working out well in practice. He wore the old clothes, but fortune was not for him. Just as it was getting dark he ran against a couple of hulkers w/e'r-d-wells.

"Spare a copper," whined one of them. "I've walked from Birmingham in search of work, and I've fasted for two days. Give us a copper for a bit of bread!"

Mr. Hoggins laughed. He knew the tale so well. "Stow it," he cried. "I'm on the same lay myself." He forgot how he was abused.

The other man stood up. "Come on," he hissed, "fork over, my chum and me's a bit despondent!"

"Go away," said Mr. Hoggins.

The answer, one of the men hit him under the ear and laid him full-stretch upon the gravel. Then the two of them knelt on his head "ran the rule over him," as they say in their lingo. In other words, they searched his pockets.

The verdict was expressed in a wail of disgust. "He ain't got a rap on him!"

And so, with a parting kick, they left him to pick himself up, shake himself together, and wonder what had happened.

"Fancy!" he growled. "Both of 'em pals of mine, both of 'em worked with me many a time, and yet they didn't know me! It's the clothes that's done it!"



"Gimme back my rap."

VIII.—FIVE FEATHERS DO NOT ALWAYS MAKE FINE RIBS.

When it was dark, there was a timid knock at Major Hardy's door.

The maid-servant who answered it reported that a gentleman in a tall hat, with a scratched face, and altogether looking very knocked about, was waiting on the step to see the Major.

Major Hardy went down and found Mr. Hoggins very rhamfused and very upset.

"Yes," said Hoggins, "it is you, is it?"

"What there is left of me, guv'nor."

"Have you made your fortune? You don't look like it."

"I don't, do I?"

"Well, what do you want now?"

"The experiment is all over, sir," announced Mr. Hoggins. "I've come to bring the clothes back."

"Gimme back my rap? I didn't know when I was well off!"

DIFFERENT WAYS.

An Irishwoman was being closely cross-examined in court with regard to the position of the doors, etc., in her house.

"And now, my good woman," said counsel, "tell the Court how the stairs run in your house."

"How do the stairs run?" repeated the woman.

"Yes," said counsel.

"Shure, when I'm oop stairs they run down, and when I'm downstairs they run oop, but when the ole mas comes home late, he says they run all over the house."

"They tell me you made a very clever remark last night."

"Yes, it's awfully discouraging."

"What is?"

"Why, the way everybody is talking about it."

THE HEAD WAITER had just had a rather trying time with two American customers, and, although their tips were large, had not quite got over his irritation, when a new-comer appeared when anyone might have taken for Mr. Baldwin, the Chancellor of the Exchequer—but whom, on the other hand, anyone might not, his face being so unfamiliar to the general public.

THE PARROT, perched, as usual, on the top of the dining-room door, drew a cork with starting loudness as the stranger passed below, and proceeded to whistle its opening bars of "Yankee Doodle." The new-comer looked up and surveyed the bird with amusement.

"You've made a mistake this time, old friend," he said. "I may smell like an American, but I'm British-made, though I mistake me for an American." He continued, turning to the Head Waiter, "although I don't wear a Stetson, and am not even indulging in kum-poy."

Perhaps, as you say, you smell like a Yankee," replied the Head Waiter, smiling with unnecessary vigour.

"Quite possible," laughed the customer. "I have not long been back from the States. Where shall I sit?"

"Where you please, sir. Two American guests were sitting here five minutes ago; but I don't know whether you are anxious to occupy the seats of the mighty—or, may I say, the Almighty Dollar?"

"Far from it," exclaimed the customer.

"Then come this way, sir," directed the Head Waiter.

"This is about as far from it as you can get. At the same time, looking straight ahead across the passage you can see the journalist gent in the bar biting one another's ears for half-dollars. What would you like to eat, sir?"

"Oh, something plain and simple."

"Everything's plain and simple here, sir," declared the waiter, "except the pudding and the young ladies behind the bar."

"Then a cut from the joint for me," cried the customer.

A moment later a loud cry of "Out from joint one! Green eye, one! Spuds one!" fractured the comparative peace, hitherto only broken by the thud-thud of the ale engine in the bar, as a screaming tankard after tankard was flung to assuage the distressing thirst of four nautic gents.

"Mine's Scotch," muttered the parrot.

"I think you said you had not long returned from the States, sir," ventured the Head Waiter, arranging the necessary condiments, etc., on the table with a deft hand. "Is it possible you are the Chancellor of the Exchequer, if I may ask without understatement?"

"Not merely possible—it is true," confessed the stranger.

"Well, sir," observed the Head Waiter, "I should say that, judging by what I've read about your mission from time to time, you found them Yanks a grasping, greedy lot."

"The world not go so far as to say that," returned the Chancellor.

"I don't suppose you would go so far as to say it," related the Head Waiter. "But there's nothing to prevent your thinking it is there! Anyhow, I says it; and if all these journalist gents in the bar there was to suddenly turn into savage Yankees, I'd say it still!"

"What's the matter?" inquired the parrot.

The advent of the "cut from the joint" put a pause to the conversation, but when the Chancellor was well under-weigh with his meal, the Head Waiter ventured to renew it.

"They said they didn't want to make any profit out of the war," he remarked bitterly. "Yet they are asking five per cent. on their loans up to date—something like a hundred million pounds interest! A Scotch Jew couldn't be more grasping."

"Their demands certainly are rather heavy," admitted the Chancellor; "and, if they press, it will be difficult for us to resist them."

"Time, please!" called the parrot.

"That's right, Polly," laughed the Chancellor.

"Time is what we want. We fought as much for posterity as for ourselves, and posterity ought to pay its share of the cost. Whereas, if the Americans insist on their demands, the living generations will have to foot the total bill."

"And we are owed more than we owed America!" commented the Head Waiter bitterly. "I suppose we shall write them debts off, like the lost fools we are, and make ourselves pretty rich by doing so."

"I say, Polly, are you ready?" shouted the parrot loudly; and the entrance of other customers permitted the Chancellor to finish his meal in peace.

"I'm going to look very closely into the brewers' figures," declared the Chancellor, "and if there is the slightest chance you'll have that penny off."

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"I'm going to look very closely into the brewers' figures," declared the Chancellor, "and if there is the slightest chance you'll have that penny off."

The "Weakley Jeerall" had on its contents bill words to this effect—

Referring to the arena in some German carbonite of polish, the "Daily Mail" said it had been written by several persons who were interested in food. It is astonishing what a lot of us are!

There is no truth in the story that has got about that Sir Uman Dorte lends the applause, at the St. James's Theatre, when Peter Pan asks the audience if it believes in fairies?

The "Weekly Dispatch" advertised an article on "The World's Most Attractive Women." By Marie Tempest.

Why not have said, simply, "By One of 'Em'?"

Flunkett Green has perpetrated a work on "How To Sing."

Your Humble, Montgomery McMother, can tell you without a big book and in four words: "Be it like Tetrazzini!"

The "Sheffield Daily Telegraph" headed an article, "An Old Abbey." It referred to Whalley Abbey, built in the thirteenth century.

It ought to be "whaleable as a HIVE—it has so many 'B's" in it.

In a big provincial town A. Sloper, the other day, saw a moonish unmounted by a large flame. He inquired its meaning, and was informed it was to commemorate the heroes who fell in the late world conflict.

"I see," said the Bottle-carrying Veteran. "A flame, naturally, for a warm memorial!"

Every actor is prone to make an occasional blunder, or what the vulgar moderne term "a bloomer." Even McMother himself was guilty of saying on the stage: "The poor fellow entered, burying his face in his head," etc.

Another time he asked an intruder: "What is the visit of this season?" When it should have been, "What is the reason of this visit?"

SCENE: A Fishmonger's Stall. Several heaps of various kinds of fish are labelled the prices per pound. One heap is not so labelled.

Marketing Woman (pointing to unlabeled heap): What are these?

Fishmonger: "Erin's, miss. Whajer think they was? Has'berry tarts?"

PARIS PLANS TO PLUNDER GERMANY.

(Permit me to say, parenthetically, "Poor Dear Germany.")

The same night burglars broke in and stole from the office safe of that intellectual news-sheet, seven-and-sixpence, a postal order for eightpence, and a cheque for eight-and-sixpence marked "N.E." The thief was eventually caught with more money on him than he stole.

Now, we want to know the solution of this problem. Will the "N.E." endeavour to make up the deficit by the damage done to the safe as well as refund his ill-gotten gains, or forgive him and pat him on the back?



"Don't see yer much wiv' Arny new-days. 'As 'e could at?"

"Don't know. 'E's dead."

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

Hello! Hello!!--Ulllo!!

TOOTSIE



WRONG number? Of course I'm not a wrong number! I'm a subscriber—one who pays for many dozens of calls which she never puts through—trying to get a number!

Will you give it to me, please? I shall report this to the Supervisor or—oh! is that you, Lord? My dear, why have a telephone if you don't answer it?

Oh! it's no excuse that you were having a bath and that the water was running! You couldn't have been bathing for all the time I've been calling you—no! if your body were given twice as fat and expensive as it is!

Well, I've run up to tell you that my engagement to Lord Bob is finally broken off.

No, I've not returned the presents because there which I haven't eaten or worn, Papa has—er—taken temporary care of. (He often takes temporary care of my jewellery when the rent is considerably over due)

But all is over between us, and my empty heart is looking for a new tenant.

What has happened? Yes, you may well ask!—and I may as well tell you, now I've had a tip call for the express purpose of doing so!



"I went and stood in front of Bob."

Well, the other afternoon Bob suggested that we should start into Beano's Club for tea and a few frocks.

You know, Beano's is run by Roddy Reop, and lately he has been trying to make a bit of a splash by having a parade of Masked Marquines wearing the very swankiest frocks ever made in Paris, Vienna, and America.

(Why masked, did you say? Oh, I am told it really is because a lot of smart hard-up Society girls are taking part in the show, and if they are masked no one will recognise them and know what they are doing.)

"I hate these Dress Parades—they always make me want what I haven't got," I said to Bob, shortly before the show began, and while we were sitting at a table drinking tea.

"Oh, I like 'em," replied Bob, in his most irritating and argumentative way, as he studied a white cream bun into his mouth.

That annoyed me.

"Very well, then," I said, "I'll leave you here to watch the wringing, wringing, wringing, swagging, swagging while I go up into the lounge and write a few letters and do some telephone calls."

Bob made some rejoinder, but I didn't wait to hear what he said.

I just went straight up the gorgeously-carpeted stairs and was turning into the lounge when Roddy Reop himself came rushing up to me.

"Oh! Toots, do be a pal and help me!" he cried.

"How?" I asked. "What's the matter?"

"Oh! the Countess Millevois, who shows off all the bedroom garments, has suddenly got ill, and there's no one to take her place. And the rig-outs she sports are the most appallingly in the whole show! It's awful unless—unless my dear pal Tootsie Sloper will help me out!"

"Me? How me?"

"You are exactly the Countess's height and figure and colouring, and if you were wearing the mask no one would know. Will you?"

"How much?" demanded business-like me.

"A fever!"

"Nothing doing for less than a tenner, old bean."

"Right-o, sporty—a tenner!"

"Done! Come on and get rigged up, because the show is due to begin."

So, into the dressing-room I went—and then into my special cubicle where my rig-outs were all ready in the order in which I had to wear 'em.

No 1 was a "Honey-moon negligé." (Oh! my dear, what a dream of everything that could be seen through and looked as though it was slipping off, but wasn't!)

No 2 a Bath Gown. A poem! Rose-pink and milch-blue towelling—and to be worn over silk tights and in such a way as to suggest that there was nothing underneath!

No 3—Corsets and petticoats, partly covered by a silk dressing-gown. Very enticing! Most seductive.

No 4—Blue silk pyjamas trimmed with white

The Bath Gown, too, made him sit up, and when I clutched at the folds as though I was afraid it was falling off, he actually sprang up to help me. (Ugh! the libertine! I could have banged his head!)

The corset-and-petticoat got up positively made him lock his lips, and he managed to lean back and give a pressure against my arm as I fished by. (Ugh! then rip! I could have squashed his face in!)

Then last of all came the Pyjama Suit, and when I had ghidled round in this I choose Bob as the one before whom I would give the longest turn of preening and pranking.

His eyes glittered, he smacked his lips, and then when I sat I went back to the dressing-room I found him following behind.

"Here! Hi! Please! I do want to speak to you," he called in a throaty whisper.

I turned round, and as I did so there was a snap of elastic and my mask fell to the ground.

"Tootsie—er—my darling," he spluttered.

"Yes, a nice sort of 'darling' when you are chasing mannequins to the doors of their dressing-rooms! Good-bye! I've finished with you forever!"

And I meant it!

Of course, I've just had an impassioned letter from him, swearing that he only wanted to speak for the purpose of ordering the pyjamas as a present for me, but I don't know if I shall accept the explanation.

I may—it all depends upon himself.

If he writes a cheque that will pay for three sets of everything I wore in the Dress Parade, I may forgive him.

In fact, I won't I shall!

I've a sweet forgiving nature, haven't I, Lord?

Haven't I? Lord, haven't I? I have, haven't I?

Oh! if you can't answer, I can't wait!

(Bang! Click!)

EQUALITY OF OPPORTUNITY.

The upper-eight 'uns was going up Ludgate Hill, and the individual inside the door in a red tie and a beaver was expatiating on Socialism, equality of opportunity, Karl Marx, and the rest.

"Bumy thing," said the conductor, "there's me and my brother Bill. We both started life together, and my brother Bill, who took to the law, has got to be a judge, and 'ere am I a-punching tickets, 'specially on behind!"

"Good gracious!" gasped the Trottsy one. "What is he doing?"

"He's drivin' this 'ere 'bus."

WHAT THE FUTURE HELD.

Gilbert! I say, old fellow, do you believe in prognostication?

Filbert! No, can't say I do. Why?

Gilbert: When I was going to get married I went to the registrar's, and instead of giving me a marriage licence, he gave me a dog's.

Filbert: And what did that portend?

Gilbert: Well, I don't say exactly that it portended it, but I know I've had a dog's life ever since.

SAFETY FIRST.

A man rushed into a Strand chemist's at the busiest part of the day and inquired of the proprietor. "You are a pharmacist, are you?" To which the latter replied, "I am."

"Been in the business a number of years?"

"I have."

"Registered?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that your diploma hanging over there?"

"It is."

"Well, (with a sigh of relief), if you may give me a pound of borax."

THE VOICE IN THE NIGHT.

"That cove of yours," complained the irascible neighbour, "woke me a dozen times last night. I don't think people living in a crowded community ought to keep lions!"

"We don't keep lions," retorted the man on the other side of the fence equally angry. "That was our baby!"



The burglars lit a fire and
shouted to Old Moses to
throw out his valuables.



He took their advice.



Then he followed down the
escape.



With the sad result that the
burglars had the lot!



HAWKER: 'Ere y're, buy the won-
derful wriggling monkey! The
wonder of the age! Only a tanner!

TESTY GENT: No!

HAWKER (with scorn): Garn! You
don't know what you do want.



LADY: I have been recommended
here. Can you guarantee the latest
fashion?

TAILOR: Certainly, madam—and a
splendid fit.

LADY: Excellent. Then I want
you to measure my little dog for a
velour coat.

'Twas Auburn.



"But her hair is like spun gold."
—Yes—fourteen carot."

WAITING.



When love and youth exist together,
Small matter is the wintry weather.

EASY
SHAVING



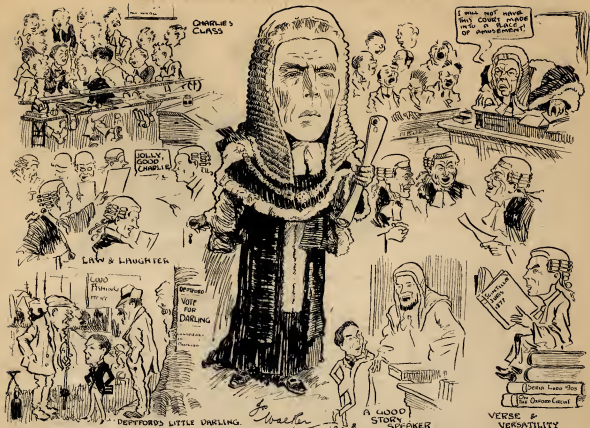
BARBER: Was the razor all right, sir?

BUTCHER: Shouldn't have known it was a razor.

Thought it was one of my knives.

HUTON NICHOLSON

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.



HOW GREAT MEN GET THERE—MR. JUSTICE DARLING.

SIR CHARLES JOHN DARLING, who was born December 6th, 1840, is a great public personality. No one who sees and hears Justice Darling in the King's Bench, Court IV., would imagine that he has passed the allotted span of three score years and ten. Time has treated him kindly, and, like good vintage port, he improves with age. Called to the Bar in 1874, he was Conservative Member for Deptford from 1885 to 1897. Deptford's "Little Darling," as he was called at Election time, was then appointed Judge of the King's Bench Division and Knighted. His name became associated in the public Press with jokes, and he was looked upon as the "judicial joker." Known as a composer of light verse, his works include "Scintillate Jure," "Seria Ludo," "On the Oxford Circuit," etc.



PORTER (announcing station):
Machynlich!
PASSENGER: What station did
you say?
PORTER: Machynlich!
PASSENGER: Are you quite sure?



HORACE: There's one good thing
about this weather: it does hide the
holes in one's boots.



THE ORATOR: Hold on, I say. There's a good time commg.
A VOICE: Can't you fix the date, guv'nar?



EMPLOYER: And what can you
do? Have you any special talent?
APPLICANT: Er—no, none that I
can think of except—er—I'm a true
knock-kneed.



CIRCUS PROPRIETOR: All boys
I catch like this I give to the lions.
LAD: Boo! Let me go this time,
sir, and to-morrow night I'll get all
the fattest boys in the place
crawling under the tent.

Ghosts Seen By Sloper.

THE EMBARRASSING APPEARANCE OF THE LADY IN THE BATH.

"TACT, respectfulness, and courage are the three great attributes you require whenever you are suddenly confronted by a ghost," said the sage of shoe lace as he laid down his pipe. "I remember how these qualifications, along with the presence of mind and sound common sense, for which I am remarkable, stood me in good stead, when I suddenly found myself face to face with one of the most awesome apparitions that caused my face to blanch; but which had I been bashful and unmarried, would have undoubtedly made me blush."

"Some years ago, in the middle of a very hot summer, I was invited by an old friend to spend a week-end with him at his place, a picturesque old house, dating from the sixteenth century, in Kent, within easy access of the popular watering place I and my family were penetrating that season."

"My friend was a jolly old chap, who might have been the prototype of Mr. Pickwick's host, Mr. Wardle, of Dingley Dell, and I can assure you we had a high time together on the evening of my call."

"The dawn was golden in the East when we retired to rest, and, as is customary for all men with good consciences and digestions, I slept the sleep of the just, until I was aroused by the servants' hailing about in the rambling old house, the barking of dogs, crowing of cocks, humming of bees, and other noises, which make the sweet English country so respectful and restful to brain-workers like myself!"

"It was very warm, so I thought I would commence the day by taking a bath. I jumped out of bed, donned a dressing-gown, and went to the bath-room, which I found in a recess at the end of a long corridor."

"The bathroom, although the morning was bright and sunshiny, was very badly lighted, as there was only one small window of blue glass."

"Judge of my astonishment when, on entering the apartment, I saw a young and beautiful woman, whose form was almost enveloped by her long black hair, standing at the foot of the bath, gazing intently, it seemed to me, at her reflection in the water."

"The situation was a most delicate one! Wishing to spare the lady's blushes, I merely said, with my accustomed sang froid and tact, 'I beg your pardon, sir, for entering; I thought the bath was unoccupied.' But when words I turned my back, and was about to make a dignified exit. As I turned to close the door I saw the lady vault into the water, but, to my surprise, I heard no splash."

"I hurried to my room and contented myself with a sponge-down, dressed, and joined my genial host at breakfast."

"At breakfast I chatted my jolly friend about the lady, and he unwittingly surprised in the bathroom, and knowing he was a bachelor, asked him to introduce me later."

"To my surprise he looked grave, and his ruddy complexion assumed an ashen hue."

"'Great heavens, Sloper,' he exclaimed, 'you have seen the ghost of an old friend of my mother. Many years ago she came on a visit here, suffering from acute melancholia through being crossed in love or some other feminine folly, and drowned herself in that very bath. Poor girl, suicide whilst of unbalanced mind was the verdict at the coroner's inquest, which my people (I was then a tiny boy, kept from becoming known to the public).

"'Thirty years ago a servant girl we had saw her as you did; and a friend of mine who is deeply interested in the occult, declares that she only manifests herself to persons who were born in May or December. Now, my birthday is in May, so I came under the category of those to whom the unfortunate lady made herself visible.'"

"'Where is only one thing to do, my dear old friend,' I said, after I had listened to his remarkable recital. 'That poor lady's ghost must be laid. She must be prevented from haunting your house, old chap.'"

"'I wish to heaven it could be done, Sloper,' he said."

"'It can and shall be done,' I replied."

"'Don't talk nonsense, Sloper. How can you cope with spirits?'"

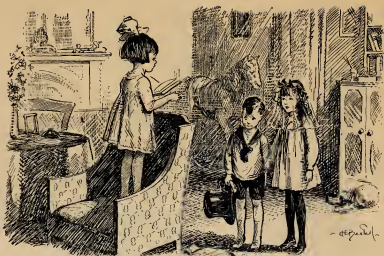
"'I've had experience of them. It is my fixed resolve to take a bath in that haunted room, and, hereafter, that ghost will never venture to get into that bath again.'"

"'I did so, and from that day to this the ghost of the lady has never been seen.'"

"'This I have demonstrated, to my own satisfaction at least, that with tact, respectfulness, and courage, you can deal with any sort of spook, ghost, or goblin that may suddenly appear even in the most unexpected places.'"

—JOE—

Miss Oldford: Don't let your dog bite me, little boy.
Little Boy: He won't bite, miss.
Miss Oldford: But he is showing his teeth.
Little Boy (with pride): Certainly he is, miss; and if you had as good teeth as he has, you'd show 'em, too.



BUT (recently a bridesmaid, and now playing at "weddings")!—And does 'ee take this woman to be your actual wedded wife?

LORD BOB'S WEEKLY INDISCRETION.

THE other evening, dear chappies, I took Tootsie to a party organized by Mrs. Marvell de Spook.

I wasn't actually keen on going myself, because I knew that Mrs. de Spook was rather dotty on "spirits calling" and "mind-reading," and, personally, I prefer a nice dance with some shaded corners for "sitting out." However, as it happened that Tootsie wanted to go, of course I had no option but to join up."

When we arrived (a bit late) Mrs. de Spook greeted us most cordially.

"You're just in time," she gushed. "I've got a perfectly wonderful person here. He does the most amazing things—quite amazing. He is Professor Bunkham and is going to give a special manifestation in a minute. Come in. You mustn't miss it on any account."

A few moments later we were in Mrs. de Spook's drawing-room being introduced to a long-haired gentleman who could have done with a shave. This was the great Professor Bunkham, Mrs. de Spook's latest find."

When we had all been seated, the Professor advanced to the front, so to speak, and babbled:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am now going to endeavour to demonstrate to you the power of Mind over Matter. I shall concentrate all my will-power upon some object—seen by me—which is in the possession of one of you. It may be an object you wish to conceal, but by my will-power I shall hope to divine its presence. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I shall ask you to observe, for a few moments, complete silence."

There was a flutter of excitement among the ladies, a gasp of "Oh!" from Mrs. de Spook, and then, while the Professor clasped his brow as though he were afraid it might escape, there was such a silence that you could have heard an acorn drop."

Three times the Professor, with hands gripped to his forehead, strode up and down, muttering strange words. Then, suddenly, he pounced forward, grabbed me by the shoulder, dived his dirty hand into my breast pocket, yanked out a package and gasped!

"It is here!"

Everybody screamed with excitement, and, before I could do anything, Tootsie had torn open the package and exposed to view a very dainty jewelled bangle."

"For me, Bob?" she cried. "How lovely! I say, isn't Professor Bunkham perfectly marvellous?"

Tootsie has got that bangle, dear chappies, and now I must buy something else for her—well, never mind who."

And it wasn't until I got home that night, trying to think what I would do for Professor Bunkham, if I ever had the good luck to meet him alone in a dark country lane, that I remembered stealing my hand into my pocket while the ruddy cunning old Professor was moulting about "concealed objects," and so on."

Tootsie says that she means to go to Mrs. de Spook's next party, but I fancy that I shall be out of town that day or "laid up" with "flu. No more for me, thank you."



DEALER (pointing to chair): Now, there's a nice little antique, sir; comfortable, and as pretty a leg as you could see.

INDIGNANT LADY: How dare you, sir!

More Memoirs of Stirnot Homes.

By HIS FRIEND, DR. WHATSON.

II.—THE EXPLOSION.

THIS fast in Baker Street was full of fog and shag smoke. My friend, the celebrated detective, Stirnot Homes, was churning out a meekly side on his Strand-bought for eightpence in the Farringdon Market some years ago. The landlady's cat stirred uneasily on the tattered hearthrug, seeming, in the lugubrious strains to recognize the voice of a fellow inmate. Myself, Dr. Watson, the chronicler of these chronic chronicles, was busy feeding my test-tube menagerie of tame gams on a decoction of thyroid and Brand's essence of beef.

In short, all was peace, if not quiet. Then, suddenly, without warning, there was a loud report, which caused me friend, the incomparable detective, to start violently. He looked across at me with an expression of reproach.

"Whatson," he murmured in his even tones, "I wish you wouldn't jump at the least sound. It gets on my nerves. Pass the cocaine."

"I did nothing," I began.

"Don't lie, Whatson," interrupted Homes. "It doesn't suit you. You don't do it gracefully. Besides, it doesn't come in the part you have to play. I dare say you are wondering what that noise was which caused you to start so violently."

"I tell you I did nothing—" I once more attempted.

"Don't interrupt. Control yourself!" rebuked the celebrated sleuth. "The perceptive sound which we both heard suggests a problem not entirely devoid of interest. The question that first arises is—what caused it?"

"It was—" I began.

"To arrive at what it was actually caused by," pursued Homes, cutting me short, "it is as well to proceed on a system of progressive elimination: in other words, to decide first of all what could not possibly have caused it. You follow me?"

Here Homes delicately brought his attenuated finger-tips together.

"I tell you it was merely—" I began.

"Don't interrupt my train of reasoning, please," murmured Scotland Yard's reproach. "It was not the bursting of a motor tyre, for it is obviously impossible for such an accident to have occurred in this room. It was not a piece of semi-bombardment, as it is a gas stove. (By the way, we must recollect to pay last quarter's account before March.)"

"If you don't know what it was—" I attempted once more.

"It was not a staynole, because neither of us wear corsets," proceeded the giant intellect; "neither was it the electric light bulb, for we are not left in darkness, nor was it the harmless, necessary domestic cat, which whilst capable of giving utterance to explosive sounds, does not emit noises of that particular character."

"If you would only listen to me a moment—" I interrupted.

"Do not try to reverse the roles," said Homes plaintively. "You may understand me if you wish, but don't attempt to play my part when I am on the stage. It was not my revolver, because my good friend Mr. Attenborough has charge of that lethal weapon at present. It was not a chertnut, because we are not roasting any. Nor was it the report of a legacy. It was too real, too unmistakable for that."

"If you really want to know what it was," I once more essayed.

"We shall know in a moment," replied Homes calmly. "My system is infallible. Control your childish impatience. We have carefully eliminated some of the impossible causes of the detonation which occasioned you such alarm."

"It wasn't me who—" I began indignantly.

"Grammar, Watson! grammar!" "It was I!" would sound far better from a man of your profession."

"Grammar be hanged!" I cried, losing all patience.

"Whilst you are musing on with your *Misogynia* deductions, time is settling along."

"Time is always settling along, Whatson," returned the imperturbable tracker calmly.

"But the houses will close in about ten minutes," I insisted.

"What if they do?" asked Homes, still undisturbed.

"We are not without."

"We have been within the last half-hour," I cried.

"What!" shouted Homes, springing to his feet.

"I thought we had—"

"Yes," I said bitterly, "we had; but now we haven't. While you were musing on about that noise—"

"Which, by the way," said Homes, "was the breaking of my E string."

"Vehking of the kind," I retorted. "It was the bursting of my last large Guinea, which we reserved for supper!"

"What!" yelled Homes. "You idiot! Why didn't you say so before? You utter fool! The house will be closed! Don't you understand? Dash round at once and get another. Nay, get two!"

"Where's the money?" I asked, extending my hand.

I had never seen Homes part with greater speed.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.

MY LANDLORD.

By MURDOCK STIMPSON.

THE other day Jeremiah Pott, my landlord, came home, bearing a huge can, containing the dried-up corpses of about fifty butterflies.

His better half, as well as Horace and Maggie—his two offspring—were spellbound by the galaxy of colours flashing from their hundreds of wings.

At dinner, the case reared itself up from the side board and caused more interest and wonder of muck on the children's part (for the sideboard happened to be behind them) than the beautiful fat dinner itself did, and if Horace had not suddenly attempted to swallow a bone, thus causing a terrific scene, until his mother had rammed the handle of a fork down his throat and shifted it, I verily believe his face would have been at the rear of his neck.

Now, this case of dried butterflies had a most wonderful effect on Jeremiah. It seemed to electrify him, seemed to fire him with a great object to enter into the lives and haunts of all insects, and to study what he pronounced with great fervour, "Nature."

That evening he spent some of those misty old volumes he had picked up at some second-hand book-shop, on "Ants, Beetles, Moths, Their Haunts and Habits."

I found him the next morning busily poking about the cracks and holes in the garden wall with the end of a wooden skewer.

"I've found one or two interesting species," he remarked, on observing me standing near him.

Holding up a tickle jar, which had a piece of perforated zinc as a lid, he displayed some small objects racing round and round the bottom.

I agreed to accompany him into the Haunts of Nature that afternoon. Hammered there was to be his hunting ground. With a bag containing three jam jars and one cocoon tin, we found ourselves on the wildest part of that charming resort.

Sitting on a tree trunk, smoking, I watched him searching about some hedge. Suddenly he popped something into his jam jar, peering me a smile of satisfaction as he did so. Down he bent again, diligently



searching under leaves and dead twigs. An old peasant, taking a walk, stopped to inquire if he had lost anything. I couldn't help but laugh, as Jeremiah displayed his jam jar of insects, explaining the reason of his search.

Just after that, his excitement rose high. He dabbed with his hands, and twisted about in the dry, shallow dyke.

"I've got it!" he screamed, leaping up, and racing towards me.

He had, too, firmly fixed on one end of one of his fingers.

"It's a stag beetle," he almost screamed, as he wrestled to extricate it from his finger.

Finally, it ambled its way round the inside of the other jam jar, as he inquired of a chemist on our way home if the punctures would give him blood poisoning.

We arrived home at last, and setting his jam jar of insects and their contents on a shelf in the kitchen, he answered all the questions asked in regard to his thickly bound-up finger, as we derided our most welcome meal.

It was about seven o'clock. Jeremiah, his wife, and myself sat peacefully conversing by the fire, when the most terrible screams arose from the regions of the kitchen. The next second the door flew open, and in rushed Horace, closely followed by Maggie.

Before their mother could restrain them, Jeremiah, with a look of terrible dread upon his face, dashed out of the room. I realised his thoughts and quickly followed him.

There stood the bag upon the table. A jam jar lay in it. The lid had been removed and the jar was empty!

The crunching of broken glass under our feet told us where the jar was that had contained the stag beetle. Several insects were creeping about the table, and Jeremiah found one on his neck a moment later. Seizing a book brush, he flattened as many as he could find; then, taking the can, he disappeared in the direction of the street, never to be seen again.

The cat found the stag beetle, some time later, firmly fixed on her paw!

(To be continued.)

GLADYS GWYNNE.
Featuring in "Destruction."
(To be released shortly.)

THEIR MIS TAKE.

When John from Gloucester came to town
They thought they'd caught a pup;
But, if one tried to take him down,
He'd promptly take him up.

With all the boys he buzzed about,
And soon they started to grin,
For anyone might take him out,
But none could take him in.

Now never a jester dares to scoff,
For hard's the task of John,
And all he swears, who take him off,
Will have to take him on.

GOOD EVIDENCE.

"Have you anyone in Court who will vouch for your good character?" asked the Magistrate of a man charged with a petty offence.

"Yes, sir," said the defendant; "there is the head constable."

The head constable was amazed.
"Why, your Worship, I don't even know the man," he protested.

"Now, sir," broke in the culprit, "I have lived in the town for twenty years, and if the head constable don't know me yet, isn't that a character for you?"

THE REASON.

Outbert: Have you any reason for doubting what I say?

Ansalline: Yes, I have.
Outbert: Tell me, my pet, what is it?

Ansalline: I don't believe you.

He: Stunning halt that girl over there has. I should think when she undoes it it would fall below her waist.

She (laughing): Yes, right on to the floor.

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

WHEN THE FOOT IS ON THE OTHER FOOT.



When Jones failed, his friend Brown advised him not to worry about it.



So Jones did not worry. He welcomed his creditors with a smile instead.



In fact, he learned how to become so light-hearted about life's little worries—



—that when Brown failed, and needed sympathy, Jones very nobly handed out the same brand to Brown as Brown had handed to him.



THE WINTER GIRL.

FROM THE BAZAAR.



'Yes, darling, they are beautiful balloons. They will frighten Uncle!'



But the man in the garden saw them first, and got the fright of his life.



COOK: There's a lovely pie up there, Robert.
ROBERT: Yes, dear, I'm just edging it off.



But the inspector came on the scene unexpectedly and upset Robert's calculations.

HELP!



WOULD BE DANCER: Give us a shove-off, mate!



HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

Famous Trials of Two Hundred Years Ago

(A Series of some of the most atrocious crimes in the annals of English Law.)

7.—Christopher Johnson and John Stockdale.

Executed at Tyburn, July 2nd, 1753, and their Bodies Hang in Chains for Murder.

IN the account of Johnson, we trace his birth to Newcastle; he was the son of one John Roger Johnson and his wife, who were prisoners on a charge of defraud. Soon after they obtained their liberty, the father died; and the mother sent the child to her relations at Derby, who, having given him a tolerable education, apprenticed him to a snail, but, at the expiration of three years, he ran away, and travelled to London.

On his arrival he went to some of his mother's relations, who persuaded him to return to Derby; but, deaf to their advice, and having imbibed false ideas of reality, he procured some elegant clothes, and frequented the gaming-houses, where he soon made the most dangerous connections, and arrived at the head of his profession.

From the practice of gaming, he took to that of forger, at which he was remarkably expert in the imitation of the hands of other people to notes payable to himself, by which he repeatedly acquired money, but still escaped detection.

His dissipation was such, that he sometimes arrested persons on whom he had committed forgeries, and compelled the payment of the money, by having people ready to swear that the handwriting was that of the party whose name was embroiled in the draft.

The following is one specimen of his device. He forged a note on a lady of considerable fortune, and signed her name to it so like her writing, that she also discredited her own sight when she read it. Johnson arrested her; but she knew she had given no

On the following day these ill-fated youths met at the appointed place, and made a contract for their mutual destruction. At this time Johnson was under twenty, and Stockdale not eighteen years of age.

Stockdale agreed to accompany Johnson; and the next day they hired horses and rode towards Ramford, near which the party lived whom they intended to rob; and having wasted the time till night, they tied their horses to a hedge, and being armed with pistols, they knocked at the door, which being opened by the old gentleman, Johnson presented a pistol to his breast; and then they bound him and his two servants, and told the master that he must expect immediate death if he did not discover where his money was concealed.

Terrified by this threat, he told them to take a key from his pocket, which would open a bureau, where they would find a bag containing all the cash then in his possession. The robbers having seized the property, Johnson put the bag into his pocket, and then remounted, and rode to London, where they found the booty to consist of one hundred and fifty pounds; but this they soon dissipated in acts of extravagance; and then proceeded to commit a number of robberies on the roads of Essex and Kent.

It is now proper to mention the crime for which they suffered: a murder equally barbarous and unprovoked. They took two horses in Holborn, and having rode to Edmonton, turned up a lane, where they met a postman who was carrying letters round the neighbourhood; the man suddenly opened the gate for them to pass, when Johnson demanded his money and watch, while

pay no attention at the place of execution to the preparation of his soul for another life; but Stockdale prayed fervently and made a pathetic address to the populace at the fatal tree.

After hanging the usual time, their bodies were taken to Surgeons' Hall for dissection; and preparations for that purpose were making, when an order came from the office of the Secretary of State that they should be hung in chains on Whitechapel Hill, where they were accordingly placed—a terrible example.

Soon after they were hung in chains the following advertisement appeared in the "London Gazette":

"General Post Office, Oct. 28, 1753.

"Whereas an anonymous letter has been sent to the Right Honourable Thomas Hart of Leicester, his Majesty's Postmaster-General, in the following tenor:

"My Lord,

"I find that it is by your orders that Mr. Stockdale was hung in chains; now if you don't order him to be taken down, I will set fire to your house and burn your brains out the first opportunity."

"Thursday, October, 1754."

"A reward of one hundred pounds is hereby offered to any person who shall or may make a discovery of the party or parties concerned in writing or sending the above-said letter, or that he, she, or they may be convicted thereof, together with his Majesty's most gracious pardon to any accomplice who shall make discovery of same."

"By the order of the Postmaster-General,

"GEORGE SHELVOKE, Sec."

The incendiary was not discovered; Stockdale's remains continued on the gibbet; and the Postmaster-General and his house remained in safety.

—jot—

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY.

"Sixpennyworth of liniment and sixpennyworth of oment," asked the boy at the chemist's.

"Want them tied in separate packages?" asked the chemist.

"Yes, I think so," answered the boy. "One is for mother—she wants to mend the teapot."

"And the liniment for father?" and the chemist.

"Yes," said the boy. "He is what mother broke the teapot on."

—jot—

FREE ADVISE.

A man with the croup halted a doctor on a quiet street-corner.

"Doctor," he said, coughing violently, "what ought a chap to do when he's got the croup?"

The doctor's eye caught a steady light at the thought of being bounced out of a free prescription, and he said:

"Such a man, my friend, ought to consult a good physician."

"Thanks, doctor," said the sufferer, as he took his

—jot—

FOR PEACE AND QUIETNESS.

Just now is the Amateur Theatrical Season. "Were your theatrical entertainments for charity a success?" asked one girl of another recently.

"Yes, dear, we took five pounds one shilling and sixpence."

"Splendid! You must have had a large audience."

"No, we took eighteen pence at the box-office and father gave us five pounds never to do it again."

—jot—

BAABI.

"Jane, can you tell me who succeeded Edward VI.?"

"Mary."

"Now, Lucy, who followed Mary?"

Lucy (absent-mindedly): Her little lamb."

—jot—

REVENGE IS SWEET.



The shopman next door, suspecting the sausage maker of killing his cat, sends the boy in with it: "Give us here, sir, this make up the dozen you ordered."



"The soup sounds good."

I won't have any."

such note. She hailed the action, and prepared to stand trial; but the guilty man declined all further proceedings.

During this abandoned course of life, he became acquainted with the daughter of a man who kept an ale-house in the Strand; and they were privately married in the Fleet; but, immediately soon arising between them, they proceeded from words to blows; the consequence of which was, that they parted, and his wife became a common street-walker.

After this Johnson took to picking pockets and other low practices of defraud; but a miserable poverty still attended him, for what he got dishonestly was soon spent in dissipation. At length he met with Stockdale at Sadler's Wells, and agreed to see him next evening at a house in Holborn.

Stockdale was born at Leicester, where his father was a reputable doctor, who gave him an excellent education, but was too fond of him to keep him strict round over his conduct, which might have been essential to his future welfare. He very soon showed a disposition to idleness, which was not properly checked by his parents, who would not permit his schoolmaster to chastise him for his faults.

When his father saw his error he determined, in pursuance of the advice of some friends, to send him to a doctor in Doctors Commons, where he hoped to hear of a speedy reformation in his manners.

Stockdale, however, was of too little a disposition to break confinement. His extravagance exceeded the bounds of his father's allowance, and he borrowed of his acquaintances to supply his immediate wants.

In this way he went on, frequenting places of public diversion, till those who had lent him money teased him for a return of it; and he was at a loss for further resources, when he met Johnson at Sadler's Wells as above mentioned.

he held out to them, and at that instant was shot dead by Stockdale.

The murder was no sooner committed than they hastened to London, and though the country was alarmed by what had happened, they rode on the following day to Hounslow, where they dined. After dinner they called for their horses; but Stockdale was so intoxicated that he at first fell from the horse, but was replaced.

The magistrates having by this time sent out a number of constables, the murderers were taken into custody, and carried before a magistrate, where Stockdale acknowledged his guilt; but he thus saved Johnson, who was so drunk that he was incapable of his commitment to Newgate.

When Stockdale's master heard of his unhappy situation, he immediately wrote to his father, who, coming to London, had a very affecting interview with his son, who exclaimed, "Oh, sir, how shall I look you in the face! What disgrace have I brought upon you, what destruction upon myself! A shameful deed is preparing for me in this world, what in the next, God knows."

The father advised him to an early preparation for the awful fate that awaited him, and refused to flatter him with hopes of that pardon which could not reasonably be expected. He considered himself accordingly, and intended to have pleaded guilty, but was afterwards advised not to do so.

When brought up to receive sentence of death, John was so unwell that he was indiged with a chair.

Stockdale kept up his spirits with decent fortitude until his eyes met those of a gentleman near him, with whom he had lived, when he burst into tears, and continued in great agitation the remainder of the awful time, frequently beating his head and breast in a violent manner.

Johnson was so extremely debilitated that he could

ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.
THE COMPENSATION "ACT."

GOOD SPORTS,



SHE: Just look at her now! On the stage with me she only had 15 a week, but now on the films she gets £100.
HE: But surely a woman deserves compensation to refrain from speaking.



BOB MCCrackEN.

"Big Bill" McCracken, the Skipper of Newcastle United F.C., is universally known as the "Offside Magician."

He is an Irish International full-back, and knows more about the rules and regulations of soccer (particularly the "offside dodge" than most men).

McCracken is said to possess revolutionary ideas as regards football.

He has many faults, of course—like most sportsmen—and a passion for golf is among them.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.



MOTHER: Why did you fight your playmate so late at night?
BOBBY: 'Cause he's goin' t' move in the morning.



"Did you tell Bob Smith I was a liar?"
"No. I thought he knew."

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